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for the dissemination of ideas about what is truly sculpturesque which may save our country from the product of the stoneyard; to have a bureau in connection with the association to which any committee or individual may appeal for an opportunity regarding the best kind of memorial for a given site or purpose, and to induce the civic government to take down such memorials as are a disgrace to our people, and to replace them by works in sculpture of dignified and artistic nature."

H. S. OLCOTT.



THE COSSACKS' ANSWER
By Elias Repin

WHISTLER'S MODEL AND HER RELICS

Readers of BRUSH AND PENCIL who are interested in the art and the unique personality of the late James McNeill Whistler will doubtless not relish this bit of gossip about his famous model Carmen. She was not present—so the story comes from Paris—when the souvenirs which Whistler had given her were sold at the Hôtel Drouot, or the government auction house. The model had calculated upon receiving something like eight thousand dollars for the trifles, and the result of the sale did not fall far below her businesslike anticipations. A dozen rough sketches of herself, nude, draped, and in compositions with others, nocturnes, sunsets, and personal letters, all fell under the hammer of the mercenary crier. The woman made a business venture of the affair, and as a matter of

course, not a particle of tenderness or sentiment was behind it all. She failed to understand artists when they begged her not to carry such associations before the public. The pictures and letters were hers; she was in want; she had a right to sell her possessions *et viola tout!*

If Carmen could have inaugurated an auction at some artist's home, the sale might not have savored so strongly of memories for what memories were worth, but the French law demands that no such bargaining shall take place outside of the Hôtel Drouot. This is a great institution in its way, and protects not only the seller, but the buyer as well. The model says that some of the pictures were given her, and that she picked the others out of Whistler's waste-basket. This may be true, and it may not be true. The reputation of the woman would naturally lead one to doubt her veracity; for all of Whistler's associates well remember the tales of light-fingeredness which he used to relate in his inimitably humorous way. And Whistler knew her best of all. That she has now turned all these souvenirs into money, and has sold his love-letters to the highest bidder, is enough to make her master cry out from his grave, for if there ever was a sensitive soul it was James McNeill Whistler. He may have had weaknesses, says the



THE HOLY OLGA
By Watsnetzoff

Paris correspondent, but certainly his delicacy and a fine sense of honor toward his friends were cardinal virtues, that he never forgot.

Carmencella—or Carmen—posed for Whistler fifteen years. He picked her up when she was a half-starved, half-civilized little Italian,

taking pity on her because she had no home, no relatives, no one on earth to lift a finger for her, and brought her home to his sister, where they both cared for her. All that the artist exacted of her was that she pose for him a certain number of hours every day. The child (she was eight years old at that time) budded into a remarkably handsome girl, and Whistler paid her a good price for giving him her service alone. When she married a few years ago she brought a dot of one thousand dollars to her husband. Among her class this is looked upon as something colossal, for with models who lead a hand-to-mouth existence any sum of money represents a fortune.

Carmen went to live in Tuscany with her newly bought husband. Early in September last she returned to Paris, a sadder but a wiser woman. She had not only been relieved of all her money, but in



PORTRAIT OF FRAU MOROSOFF
By Bodarewsky

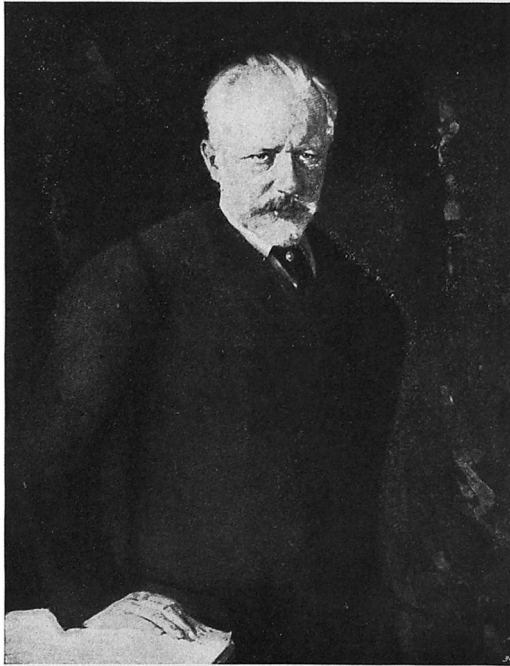
return her amiable spouse had treated her with great brutality. Her idea in coming to her old haunts was to look up her old master and go to him, no matter if he were at the other end of the earth. She knew full well that if she wrote telling him of her misfortune he would send her funds to come to him without delay.

Carmen found that Whistler had been dead nearly two months. Then she turned to other artists, but they did not wish to reproduce

her, for during recent years she has taken on too much flesh. There seemed nothing left for her but to dispose of the trifles that had fallen from the pen and brush of the artist. So Carmen engaged some one to take the sale in hand. Illustrated catalogues were sent all over Paris, and some went into foreign countries. One found its way into the home of the late Mr. Whistler's family in London, and to them is Carmen indebted for the good prices received. At the sale it was thought that speculators were bidding in, but the fact came to light that the representative was to buy up all the letters and the best works at any cost. Only three or four *billet-doux* had been auctioned off at closing time, but all were sent off in bulk two days later to England. The letters brought from two dollars to four dollars and fifty cents, according to their

length and ardor, and the relatives of the great artist are to be congratulated that they were able to secure these odds and ends of relics and save them from getting into hands that might use them to the prejudice of their author. Necessity, it is said, knows no law, and Carmen was necessitous. It is therefore, perhaps, no cause for wonder that she should have adopted a policy that savored so largely of cupidity. The chief regret is that, such trifles were not offered direct to the relatives of Whistler, and not given the notoriety of a public auction, in which event the world would have known nothing of the affair.

R. C.



PORTRAIT OF TSCHAIKOWSKY
By Kousnetzous